

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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THE STUDENTS of
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ACADEMY

Oct. 1919

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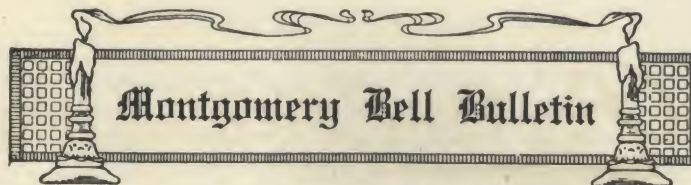


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OCTOBER, 1919.

Number 1

Just a Letter

EDWIN PRICE, '20

(First Prize Story)

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 30, 1918.

Dear Joety:



AM crazy about New Orleans, just as you prophesied I would be. I love to roam up and down St. Charles Avenue about dusk and see the beautiful new cars with their liveried chauffeurs and footmen and their millionaire owners sitting back there like a million itself. There are a lot of pretty girls in this town, and all of them are well dressed and don't look common like those you see sometimes on city streets.

Well, let me tell you an interesting adventure I had with a pretty girl I saw on the street the other afternoon while I was strolling in the drizzle, or what would try to be rain and was not. It rained in the forenoon and never cleared off, and about four-thirty it started again. I was standing on the corner by a large department store when I felt a slight tap on my arm.

"Won't you please let me use part of your umbrella, as I lost mine in the store there?" asked a bright, blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl who stood just below my shoulder.

"Certainly," I agreed, and willingly held out my umbrella. "Awful weather we have had today, and rather unusual for New Orleans, too."

"I don't know much about the weather of this place,

though I have lived here all my life," she declared with a twinkle in her eye. "I am going home and was to meet my car at four, but it did not come. Oh! there is a trolley that goes right by my home. Which way are you going?" she asked as she gathered up her skirts to jump the stream of water that was rushing down the gutter.

"I don't know," I said frankly. "I really, to tell you the truth, had not thought about it, but as you need my umbrella I will see you home." Taking her arm I started for the center of the street to board the car with her.

"You must not go. I insist that you stay, for I live so far out, and it will likely stop raining by the time I reach home. You must not go with me," she insisted with childish earnestness.

"I must go," I assured her. "I can't let you go alone at this hour." So we started off on the car together.

On our ride we talked of the sights of the city and just things in general. I found out after a self-introduction that her name was Gene Butler. Soon her tiny kidded-finger pressed the mother-of-pearl top of the bell and the car stopped at the next corner.

We now found, "Gene" and I, that instead of abating the rain had grown worse. She directed me and I safely guided her into her large home. She fitted a Yale key snugly into the lock and shoved the door open.

"It is raining so hard now, Mr. Thomas, you will not make it to town, I am afraid. Won't you let me do you a kind turn and insist on your eating dinner with me? There are only my father and I, and we shall be so glad to have you stay."

"Oh, no, my dear Miss Butler, I can't think of doing that. You owe me no such recompense for the use of my umbrella. Why, I can't think of staying, Miss Butler," I protested, but soon, after a little persuasion, I came round, for I did love to hear her talk. She had such a pleasant accent on her words, and from this accent I knew she was French.

I entered the house. I was struck dumb with its magnificence. It was grand—like a real French chateau. She rang for a butler, or man servant, and on his appearance she announced, "Mr. Thomas will dine with me tonight. Tell André after you have shown Mr. Thomas to the front room upstairs."

He took my coat, hat and wet umbrella and then ushered me to the aforesaid room, then he withdrew. In a short time, during which I freshened up as best I could, he came back inquiring, "If Mr. Thomas est readee I weell show him below."

I was ready, so I followed him into a sitting room in which I was presented to Mr. Butler.

I related to the old man the events of the afternoon; how I met his charming daughter, our brief acquaintance, and how she had insisted that I stay for dinner.

In a very short time Gene made her appearance. She was as fresh as a June rose in the morning; her eyes were as bright as sapphires, her dress of wine-colored velvet fitted her beautifully, her feet were encased in beautiful black pumps. She was just radiant, that's all. I said to myself then and there, that I was in love with her, and it was my task to win her.

After talking nonsense for a minute, dinner was announced, and we were led into a huge dark dining room, in the center of which was a small table set for three.

A dinner was served that only an experienced French chef could put out. The pastries were crisp, the cake light, and the potatoes a rich golden brown. After dinner we talked until about ten, and I made a move to go.

"The idea of you leaving here in this storm! Why, Mr. Thomas, the thought of it makes me laugh. You will do nothing of the kind," said Gene at the suggestion of my leaving.

So after some argument I was again shown, by Mr. Butler himself, to the same room that I had used before dinner. "Good nights" were said around and I went to bed.

The bed on which I lay was one of the old-fashioned sort, with four posts holding up a heavy old rose velvet canopy. Its heights were attained only by a small ladder at the side. When the light was out and I was snugly in bed I began to think of the persons who had slept in there before me. I saw famous men who had visited New Orleans asleep beneath that same old rose canopy. Soon I dropped off to sleep.

About two-thirty I was awakened by my door opening. I could hear footsteps and low, indistinct voices in the hall outside. They came closer and closer and grew more distinct. Soon I saw four men enter my room carrying a stretcher. One was saying, "Old Jaques has everything locked up tightly. All his windows are locked. He can't possibly get out. We get him next." I lay still and watched and listened. They put the cot at the foot of my bed and filed out of the door. They closed it silently behind them.

When all was still outside I crept from my bed and struck a match. I walked around to the foot of the bed. There my light flickered and went out. Upon making another the sight that met my eyes almost made me scream. Joety, I was nervous and sick, for there on the cot was a corpse.

The blood was fresh on the sheet that covered him and my left foot was in a little pool of warm blood.

I was nearly crazy. I did not know what to do. I dressed as quickly as I could, always remembering the words I had heard, "We get him next."

I covered up the man's face and went over to the windows, but sure enough they were locked. The door into the bath room, which I had seen open before I went to bed, was locked from the far side. I made for the big door into the hall. I opened it and slipped quietly out into the hall.

There was a small light burning in the far end, so, believe me, Joety, I made for that light. It was over a small door which I opened with all ease. I was confronted abruptly by a tiny, narrow flight of stairs. I could see a small light

at the foot of these steps, so I made for it without much loss of time. The light at the foot of these stairs came through a keyhole. There was a rattling of money, loud talking, and the hissing sound of a ball rolling against wood. That sound was most distinct. I knew then that I had lodged in a private gambling house, but to be more sure I stooped and peered through the keyhole.

Sure enough, there they were, men and women working the poor roulette wheel as fast as it would turn. Men were drinking or paying off the other fellow all in the range of the keyhole. I watched long enough to see thousands of dollars won by some lucky one and lost by the unlucky one.

Soon I grew tired. I stood up again; then I remembered the words of the man, "We get him next," and again I determined to get out. On turning I found at my elbow a small door which gave easily when I put a few pounds behind it. I found myself in a small closet in which china was kept.

I climbed up the shelves to a small window which I could see at the top. I had my hand on the sill and had the sash moving upward when my foot slipped. Down, down I went, thinking I would never hit the floor; down, down, down I fell. I hit my head an awful whack, and when I did hit the floor I woke up.

I found that I was dreaming and that I had hit my head on the little ladder that led to my bed. I would not believe that I had been dreaming. I picked myself up, lit the light and made a thorough search of the room and hall and then went back to bed.

Well, Joety, was not that some dream? When I woke up the next morning I told Gene about it and she only laughed and reminded me that I had eaten lobster the night before for dinner.

Well, so long, old hot rock, and write me soon. Your
frat brother,

ALLAN.



Biscuits

DEAN BRADFORD, '23

Biscuits? Yes, sir—
Right this way;
Biscuits is the bread, no doubt,
Which the Bible speaks about,
And I often tell my wife,
"Biscuits are the bread of life."

Give me biscuits when they are hot;
Nothing else can touch the spot.
Give me biscuits when they are cold,
Splendid when they are three weeks old.
Biscuits, biscuits when you are well
Will bring more joy than words can tell.

Give me biscuits when I'm sick,
Served with syrup or gravy thick.
Give me biscuits when I die.
Place a biscuit on each eye;
Then bake one biscuit good and hard;
Use cement instead of lard,
And place it where the wild grasses wave,
To be a marker for my grave.



EDITORIALS

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Our enrollment this year is one of the largest in the history of the school. Boys who have been out of school for various reasons are returning to their books, and those who have been fortunate enough not to miss a year or two are plugging right along.

This is just one more proof that the boys are awakening to the realization that the educated man is the one who gets ahead.

LITERATURE

(With Apologies to Harry L. Wilson)

I do not write this with the intention of creating a new type of literature. Many men have tried such with success and lack of success. This is merely a few expressions on modern literature in general. I have nothing very serious against modern literature, some of it is quite interesting; but if a man should happen along with something original he would be the hero of the day, and would occupy a place

along with Napoleon, Shakespeare, Alvin York, Jack Dempsey, Pat Moran and others.

The fiction and picture plays, such as are shoved at us hot off the press and sizzling from the developing room every week or so, have come to be of the rubber stamp similarity.

When we go to the movies, for instance, and see the hero enter a cheap restaurant and look beseechingly at a waitress, who returns the look with zest, don't we know at once that she is no ordinary waitress, but a fine blooded young lady whose great uncle had helped Lord Coldcream pay the mortgage on his wife's pearl necklace?

A few scenes later and we find the damsel has taken up slum life in order to procure material for her novel, "The Autobiography of an Egg, or Six Years in a Cold Storage Plant."

We already know the hero has come to the restaurant to shadow Slick-Haired Morrison, who, after having robbed a bank, is shooting craps with the head waiter.

Indeed, we have seen more than one movie that could properly be called "The Comedy of Errors."

I once saw a very thrilling picture in which two trains crashed together on a bridge. I suppose about half the people noticed that the eastbound train stopped to change engines after it had run on the bridge and before the fatal crash came; and that the hero, who was seen a moment before, reclining on the observation platform, had suddenly made a change of costume. For when I saw him later, sitting on an upturned baggage car, and extracting a cinder from the heroine's eye, he was wearing an entirely different suit of clothes.

Then if one of those nice family men—a man who scorns the night life and remains at home and reads the paper or plays blocks with his children—should happen to wink at a vampire—one of those red-lipped, black-eyed women who use strong perfume—he is well on his way to the Kaiser's future home.

The family man gets in deeper and deeper. The vampire accepts his money and his presents with that air of utter superiority tax collectors use. His wife, beautiful in soul, but not in form, pleads with him. She even hides his clothes; but what does the wretch do but buy another suit?

It looks as if he is to follow a hundred other men, who have also winked at the vampire, to the most degenerate fate imaginable. His kind-hearted minister even despairs. The children have to go to bed without having their papa kiss them. Indeed, our family man is all but lost.

But hasn't the audience—perhaps I should have said "opticence"—known all the time that everything would come out all right?

The wayward man is drinking his tenth highball with the vamp when he hears a siren blow on the street outside.

That rasping, screeching sound reminds him of his babies' teething period. He immediately leaves the heartless woman and hastens home, a picture of his children, in their nighties, praying for papa to come home, flashing through his brain.

The final fadeout comes when he grabs his wife in his arms and they perform one of those long, honey-dripping kisses such as are so often seen in the pictures.

Babies are used in the movies to make father quit drinking, to stop mother's habit of dipping snuff, and to make big sister see that Hal Silkshirt is the man for her, instead of Jim Blacksocks, who is a crook.

I should like to ask the movie heroes how they manage to fight such heroic and desperate struggles and come out victorious without even having their cravats messed up.

When we pick up a magazine and start reading a story and read that the hero looks at a girl, who flashes him one of those smiles we see in the toothpaste advertisements, don't we know a romance has started?

If an elegant-mannered gentleman is contending with other such gentlemen for the heroine's hand he has no chance whatever with the gawky, awkward youth who stam-

mers and grows red in the face when addressed by a girl. The heroine of the modern romance loves such traits in a man. The girls that adorn the cities of America are certainly quite different in this respect from the heroines we see winking at us from their safe retreats in a corner of a page of some current magazine.

If Helen Goodrich-Wood, a society butterfly, meets with Hayseed Harry, a youth who wears corduroy trousers, a black shirt, no tie, oversize shoes, a perforated felt hat, and who needs a shave, and who wouldn't be harmed by a bath, the reader at once knows she will accept this son of the soil in preference to Julius Toedancer, who can dance, speak French, play golf and tennis, swim, play the mandolin, drive a car, and balance a swagger stick on the end of his nose.

The back-to-nature men almost always win the fair damsel and take her to a cabin where she works hard. Instead of having the headache, backache, blistered hands, stiff muscles, and an awful temper, the girl begins to delight in hearing the bullfrogs bulling with each other and the screech owls screeching at the grasshoppers. She forgets all the nut sundeas, dinner dances, luncheons, automobile rides and all the handsome men she has ever known. She greets her homely husband with a smile and a pan of hot biscuits every night, instead of wishing for a box seat at the theater, or that she was at a banquet—as any society girl would more than likely do.

Never fear as to the outcome of a story or picture. The villain always dies in the last chapter or in Reel Five. The hero, who has been accused of robbing the bank, is taken back and advanced from paying teller to vice-president by the board of directors. If this doesn't happen, oil is struck on his farm and the money comes rolling in—at any rate, he and his bride ride to their wedding in a perfectly appointed Rolls-Royce or a beautiful Lorraine-Deitrich.

If Sweet Sixteen contemptuously turns down young Harry Sweetsoul's proffers of love, don't we know Harry will appear, years later, and rescue her from the wiles of

the crooked real estate agent who is trying to foreclose the mortgage on the old home?

If the heroine's father kicks the hero downstairs after that young man has asked permission to marry his daughter, will that young man lose heart? No, he will come back the next night and win the ever-increasing admiration of the father by helping the stern parent with his income tax report.

If Percival Pieface memorizes a proposal and, after an awkward silence, starts to declaim it and forgets it after the first word, doesn't sweet little Patricia Goldring prompt him and show him the easy path to her heart?

Or if the person upon whom we are betting our money to win the heroine's heart is a college professor—or any other kind of professor, for that matter—doesn't he win the admiration of the entire family by working an algebra problem for the younger brother?

The two sweet young things get married and live happily ever after, the villain is choked to death by an undersized collar, and the mother, who has objected to the marriage, becomes affectionate and kisses her new son-in-law—all this happens in more than one story.

I have endeavored to show some of the things the public ought to be tiring of by this time.

The editors of the magazines want the writers who are capable of writing something different. Were I possessed of that ability then, ho! for a diamond shirt stud and a maroon Packard Twin Six.

If you happen to be a future Bret Harte it will be a source of much pleasure to the *Bulletin* staff and the readers of the *Bulletin* if you should write a story.

The object of this rather lengthy editorial is to get the boys to write more stories—and, above all, to try to write something original and away from the dime novel type.

W. B. L.

As the *Bulletin* staff of 1919-1920 we hope that we will receive the hearty co-operation of every boy in school. The staff *alone* is not able to produce a paper that will be near as good as if we have the help of each boy. When you write stories and poems and they are given to us, you not only help the staff, but you help yourselves; that is, we produce a bigger and more interesting paper. And last, but not least, think of the prizes that we offer—\$5.00 for the best story and \$1.00 for the best poem. Just think, fellows, how many times have you received \$5.00 for an hour or even two hours' work. So use your brains, fellows, get the spirit, help make the *M. B. A. Bulletin* the best "prep" school paper of Nashville.

G. M.

The Mystic Moon

CHAS. M. MOSS, '20

(*First Prize Poem*)

Oh, moon, so dear, so far away,
So silent, on thy lone highway,
So high, in heaven's quiet sea,
Bring back sweet memories to me!

Oh, let me see you when you rise,
So red before my wond'ring eyes;
And then to climb that starlit way,
Though oft, you stop with clouds to play.

Go onward, onward, through the night,
Upon thy soft and pensive flight,
Until the break of busy day
Doth drive the charms of night away.

M. B. A. LOCALS NUTRITIONISTS

Prof. Caldwell (in Chemistry): "Why would a spark in a flour mill cause an explosion?"

Barr: "Self-rising flour, I suppose."

* * *

On October 9th the two literary societies met in a joint reading, declamation, and debate contest. The readers were Remy, for the Ewing Society, and Smith for the Clark Society. Smith was given the decision. The declaimers were Simmons, for the Clark Society, and Moss, for the Ewing. Both spoke well, being medal winners, but Moss seemed to be the better of the two. The subject of debate was: "Resolved, that the government should now return the railroads to private ownership." Lowe and Matthews spoke for the Ewing Society in defense of the affirmative, while Merrill Moore and Friel, representatives of the Clark Society, supported the negative. The Ewing Society easily won the debate, their speakers showing they had given the subject much thought.

* * *

Merrill Moore's idea of heaven seems to be a place where everyone is issued three cakes of soap daily. The soap, of course, is sweetly scented and colored a shell pink or baby blue color, and is guaranteed not to bite the tongue.

* * *

At the October meeting of the Literary Societies the officers were elected as follows:

Robert Ewing Literary Society—Walker Pate, President; James R. Baird, Vice-President, Richard Kuhn, Secretary and Treasurer; Reginald Atkinson, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Clark Literary Society—Bromfield B. Nichol, President; Walter Friel, Vice-President; W. L. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer.

Freshman Literary Society—James Riddle, President.

* * *

Mrs. McCary to Mc (on the second day of their honeymoon): "Just think of it, Marvin, fifty years from yesterday will be our golden anniversary."

* * *

The different forms met recently and the following class officers were elected:

Senior Class—James R. Baird, President; Richard Kuhn, Vice-President; Bromfield B. Nichol, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Lowe and Armstrong Matthews, Committeemen.

Fifth Form—Philip Minton, President; Howard Reeves, Vice-President; Howard Reeves and Thomas Remy, Committeemen.

Fourth Form—William Martin, President; Perry Sawyer, Vice-President; Myers Anderson and W. E. Simmons, Committeemen.

Third Form—Howard Carney, President; ———, Vice-President; Charles Russell and Henry Bledsoe, Committeemen.

Richard Kuhn, Bromfield B. Nichol and J. J. Eberhardt, were elected floating members of the School Committee.

All these are boys of the highest standing and character, worthy of those they represent.

* * *

The Senior Class is on the verge of a revolution—they are trying to choose the class ring. If they hurry they may decide in time for commencement.

* * *

Mr. Ball (in Virgil Class): "Now, boys, in translating this it will be best to pause once in each line."

The Virgil Class thinks that a very good idea.

(Continued on page 22)



The prospects for a winning team this year are much brighter now than at the beginning of the football practice. At first there were only a few players out for practice, but gradually a great deal of good material has developed in the arrival of some new boys and also of several members of last year's team. Ligon and Nicks, who played several years ago, are expected to be back soon, and their addition will greatly strengthen the team. With plenty of hard practice and training, there is no reason why M. B. A. should not win the prep championship this year.

Not only is the chance for winning the state championship within the reach of M. B. A., but we will also have the opportunity of winning the city championship when M. B. A. and High School meet on November 21st. The largest crowd that ever attended a prep school game is expected, and both teams are looking forward to the game with great interest and with great hope of victory, although at M. B. A. there is no doubt as to the outcome.

M. B. A. 20, B. G. A. 7

The school team opened its season by defeating Battle Ground Academy at Franklin, October 10th. Although the team won, it showed many signs of weakness. The line did not hold as well as it should, and the entire team was weak on blocking and tackling. The team, however, outplayed B. G. A., as the score shows, but there is much room for improvement.

M. B. A. started into the game fresh and strong, and

rushed B. G. A. off her feet, making a touchdown in the first two minutes of play. She was unable to make any more scores the first half, but B. G. A. tied the score when a forward pass was intercepted and a touchdown made. There was no more scoring in the first half and it ended with the score 7 to 7.

In the second half M. B. A. played harder and much better than in the first half, but on account of penalties she did not make another touchdown until the end of the third quarter. When the last quarter began B. G. A. had possession of the ball, but she did not keep it long, and when M. B. A. got the ball she began a march down the field for the third touchdown, making the final score 20 to 7.

There was no individual star playing in the game. The team as a whole played very well and hard considering that it was the first game of the season. There was not as much team work shown as could be expected, nor was the interference very good, but these faults will soon be remedied by hard practice and training.

The line-up in the B. G. A. game was as follows: Pate, quarter; Baird and Reeves, halves; Atkinson, fullback; Thompson, center; Ratterman and Remy, guards; Jones and Srygley, tackles; Sawyer and Brumbach, ends. Substitutes used were: Curtis, Minton, Moore, Puryear and Russell.



"Babe" Allen, '16, is assisting in organizing the American Legion of New York City.

* * *

Jack Hager, '15, made an end at Yale, but owing to an injury received early in the season, he has been out of the game. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *

"Bill" Ogden, '19, and "Ted" Clark, '19, are at the University of Cincinnati.

* * *

Henry C. Gillespie, '19, and Haskell Rightor, '19, are at the University of Virginia.

* * *

Claude Jackson, '19, is a traveling salesman for the Sampson Tobacco Co., of Glasgow, Ky.

* * *

Edmund Payne, '19, is at Washington University of St. Louis.

* * *

Richard Frank, '19, and Frank Diehl, '18, are at the University of Tennessee.

* * *

M. B. A. Alumni who entered Vanderbilt this year are: Paul Stumb, Carl Jones, Brownlee Currey, Henry C. McCall, Alfred Sharpe, Lillard Templeton, Mizell Wilson, Adolph Brown, Frederick Schlater, Wilbur Sensing, Jim Hirsig, "Doc" Kuhn, Phil Harrison and Lanier Boddie.

Panos Pann and Richard Metcalf, '19, Malcom E. McClure and Billy Nichol are at Sewanee.

* * *

Edward Robertson, '19, is at Auburn.

* * *

Claiborne "Shaky" Hart, '19, is with the Ukaneat Specialty Company.

* * *

Ben Hagan, '19, has gone back to Lebanon.

* * *

Ashley Goodrich, '18, and John Merkley, '18, are studying medicine at Vanderbilt.

LOCALS

(Continued from page 18)

Price (in English): "Mr. Ball, who wrote 'Gray's Elegy?'"

* * *

What is "the humming bird's nest?"

"Ask one of the new boys; they've all seen it."

* * *

Ferguson (to his girl): "Let's get married."

Sweet Thing: "But who would have us?"

* * *

A ladder will have to be provided in Spanish 4 for Rat-terman so he can reach the board.

* * *

Prof. Caldwell (in Chemistry): "What is steam?"

Ferguson: "Water gone crazy with the heat."

* * *

Freshie: "What is your name?"

Allen: "Owen."

Freshie: "Owen who?"

Allen: "Everybody."

* * *

Captain (to awkward squad): "Right about face."

Rookie: "I'm glad I'm right about something."

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